

The Tragedie

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. A wakt you not with this sore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me though) the melancoly flood,
With that grim farriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:

The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke monarchie afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanished: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd *Clarence*?
That stabd me in the field at *Tenxbury*:

Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine cares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleene but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howres
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes haue but their title for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

Of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hithe?

Exc. I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hithe.

Bro. Yea, are ye so brieft?

2. Exc. O sir, it is better to be brieft then tedious.
Shew him your Commission, talke no more. *Here*

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
the noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke a sleepe.
He to his maiesty and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,

Exc. Do so it is apoynt of wisdom.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes?

1. Noe then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the Iudgement da

1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping.

2. The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorse in me.

1. What art afraid?

2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs

1. Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him so.

2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humo
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one could t

1. How doest thou feele thy selfenow?

2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet

1. Remember our reward when the deede is done,

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the Duke of *Glocester* purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our rewar
Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe ther's few or none will entertaine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe?

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